

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,
By RUSSELL EATON,
Office over Granite Bank, Water St., Augusta.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

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MAINE FARMER.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

A Giant in a Wheat Field.

The last Genesee Farmer contains a letter from a correspondent in Kalamazoo, Ill. He says he paid a visit to Prairie Ronde, which contains 2400 acres of plow land, as smooth as a house floor. That's a little too smooth. The water "can't run nowhere," and a smart dew would make a freshet. Well, when he got there, he enquired for the harvesting machine invented by Hiram Moore, and was directed to a little field of eighty acres of first rate wheat, and here he found it in "full blast."

There were eight spans of horses (sixteen we suppose) attached to it—four drivers, one hand to graduate the height of the sickles, one to tie up the bags, and one to put the bags into the wagon when tied, and one who superintended the whole concern, or, in other words, was a commode.

It cut a swath ten feet wide, and thrashed and winnowed it all clean as it went along—doing it in a neat, clean and workmanlike manner.

In order to set it in operation, they first cradle a path for it into the centre of the field, and then set it going "round and round" in a circle, and it will cut and thrash and clean up at the rate of five acres for each hand employed, and they charged five bushels of wheat for every acre harvested.

We think this is little the tallest monster that ever got into a wheat field since the days of the mammoths.

Splendid Oxen.

We saw four of the fattest and handsomest oxen the other day, belonging to J. H. Underwood, Esq., of Fayette, that we ever beheld. One yoke of them are twins, and marked and made so near alike that you can hardly tell them apart. These are a mixture of Hereford, Durham and Native. The others are a mixture of Durham and other breeds.

We have seen taller oxen and longer oxen and oxen with bigger bones, but oxen so fat, and at the same time exhibiting so much symmetry, such just proportions, are very seldom to be met with this side of the Atlantic—indeed, we challenge the Union to bring forward four oxen that will equal them. It may be asked what the girth and weight of each is. This we did not ascertain. They were in the pasture, and it was not convenient to girt them there, and we believe they have never been weighed. They will be exhibited probably at the cattle show at Readfield, on the second Wednesday of October, and they are worth a journey from any part of the country on purpose to see them.

Fattening Hogs.

As the cool weather comes on, it will be time to begin to fatten the hogs that have been suffered to shirk pretty much for themselves, and they may be put up and fed, with a view to commence the pork making for winter. If they be fed pretty freely at first, the extra food brings on an increase of the circulations, and of course considerable increase of fat, and the way they puff and seek the cool places is a caution to "lean kine." If corn in the ear be given them while somewhat green, they will eat cob and all, which will be an advantage. After it becomes too dry for them to eat thus, it had better be shelled or run through some cob-grinder that will make it all into meal.

Raising Onions.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

DEAR DOCTOR—I have tried for a number of years to raise a few onions, but my efforts have been generally crowned with a failure, on account of the white maggot. This year I purposed to make a more vigorous effort to exterminate the maggots, in behalf of the onions, and accordingly obtained a half peck of top onion seed and set them out on twenty-two feet of ground, after sprinkling a peck of salt thereon, amounting to one hundred and twenty-three and a half bushels of salt to the acre. My soil was a clayey loam, and my onions for two or three weeks looked green and flourishing, but after this they began to wither and die, and at this time they are all gone except a few on the edges of the bed.

Now, my object in appearing in the Farmer, Mr. Editor, is to excite a little discussion on *onionology*, among the growers of this species of sauce in these "digging." I think the public, as well as myself, need information in regard to the use of salt on onions—how much is necessary to be used on a given quantity of land that the maggots be destroyed and the crop uninjured. The onion crop in this town and vicinity has signally failed for many years by the ravages of the maggot. It is true, we can obtain them at a reasonable rate from Connecticut and the Bay State, but it is more pleasant to have this luxury in our own gardens, at our command.

I would thank you, Doctor, to give publicity to your views on this subject, for the benefit of all concerned; for I suppose you to be as well versed in this salt and onion case as any onionarian in these parts.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Fairfield, Sept. 5, 1845.

NOTE. We sympathise with our friend in the loss of his onion crop. The last time that we attempted the culture of this vegetable, we had every one of them destroyed by the fly or maggot. Our gardeners do not know all that ought to be known respecting the habits of this little scourge. From

MAINE FARMER.



A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

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NO. 38.

observation we found that the fly lays its eggs in the stalk, just above the ground, and as soon as hatched, the maggot commences its depredations. This will be discovered in the morning by the appearance of the tops. All of those that have maggots in them will flop down or fall to the ground. The only effectual mode of destroying them is to crush them with the thumb and finger. We have tried salt and ashes, and lime and tobacco, and they were of no more service than it would have been had we sat down and whistled Yankee-doodle to them. How can it be otherwise? The maggot is safely housed in the interior of the stalk. What care we for showers of salt and such stuff on the outside? Unless it should be sufficiently strong to enter the coats of the stalk and thereby destroy it, the worms will not be disturbed. We putted up and crushed all the onions that we discovered to have maggots in them, because we are pretty well assured that when they have destroyed one onion they will travel to another. In this we may be mistaken, but think we are right. We should like to know one thing in regard to the fly. Does it have a regular season for its ravages, after which it does and can do no more harm? or does it live and riot all summer long in its mischief? If it is confined to a certain period, then we can "head him" in this way, viz.—wait until the last of July and sow the seed. Let the onion grow till fall, then pull them up, dry them, preserve them from frost during the winter, and in the spring set them out. We think they will get under way and become too large for the fly. Is not this the way that the Weather-field gals are enabled to furnish us with early onions? [Editor.]

Four Hundred Pins in a Minute.—It is stated in

some of the papers that a new machine for making pins, has been invented by two citizens of Cabotville, Massachusetts, which shells out four hundred pins per minute. Just count up how many will make in a day, of ten hours' labor, and how many adies could be accommodated with a dozen each.

Getting Poor on Rich Land, and Rich on Poor Land.

A close observer of men and things told us the following little history, which we hope will throw very deeply into the attention of all who plow very shallow in their soils.

Two brothers settled together in —— county, One of them on a cold, ugly, clay soil, covered with Black-jack oak, not one of which was large enough to make a half dozen rails. This man would never drive any but large, powerful, Conestoga horses, some seventeen hands high. He always had three horses to a large plow, and plunged it in some ten inches deep. This deep plowing he invariably practiced and cultivated thoroughly afterwards. He raised his seventy bushels of corn to the acre.

This man had a brother about six miles off, settled on a rich White river bottom-land farm—and while a black-jack clay soil yielded seventy bushels to the acre, this fine bottom land would not average fifty. One brother was steadily growing rich on poor land, and the other steadily growing poor on rich land.

One day the bottom-land brother came down to see the black-jack-oak farmer, and they began to talk about their crops and farms, as farmers are very apt to do.

"How is it," said the first, "that you manage on this soil?"

The reply was, "I work my land."

That was it, exactly. Some men have such rich land that they won't work it; and they never get a step beyond where they began. They rely on the soil, not on labor, or skill, or care. Some men expect their lands to work; and some men expect to work their lands—and that is just the difference between a good and a bad farmer.

When we had written thus far, and read it to our self, he said, three years ago I traveled again through that section, and the only good farm I saw was that very one of which you have just written. All the others were desolate—fences down—cabins abandoned, the settlers discouraged and moving off. I thought I saw the same old stable door, hanging by one hinge, that used to disgust me ten years before; and I saw no change except for the worse in the whole county, with the single exception of this one farm. [Indiana Farmer.]

POTATOES FOR FATTENING ANIMALS. We have

repeatedly expressed a favorable opinion of

potatoes for fattening stock,—an opinion, which though

opposed to the theories of some, we believe to be

based on fact. The following extract from a letter of a gentleman of extensive practice as a farmer, corresponds generally with our own experience.—

"Those persons who are of opinion that potatoes

cannot fatten either horse or cattle, are very much

mistaken indeed. I know of no food I would

prefer to fatten hogs upon than cooked potatoes, mixed

either with a little meal or bruised oats, mashed and made into balls as large as a man's head, and laid on a shelf for twenty-four hours, to become a little sour. It will produce firm and transparent meat, and lard of a very superior quality, and at a cheaper rate than corn at 12 1-2 cents per bushel, fed in the Albany Cultivator.

FISTULA AND POLL EVIL. The simplest, as well

as readiest cure for these two diseases, that ever

came to my knowledge, is common table salt. My

neighbor, Mr. Ramsburg, took a horse a few years

ago, that had a fistula, and after every other effort

had been made to cure him, without the least effect,

he threw into the ulcer a handful of salt, and the

heal effect was soon perceptible. The salt was

repeated every day or two, and in a short time a

curse was perfected.

Last summer, I had a mare that had the poll evil,

and I cured her also with salt applied in the same

way. I put, however, a small bit of red precipitate in the wound, twice. Both animals are at this time well and serviceable. [GEO. BLESSING, Alb. Cult.

Worms on Apple Tree Limbs.—There are various

worms that make their appearance on the limbs of

apple trees in August; and though they make no

very extensive havoc, they are a nuisance, and

ought to be exterminated. Some of these weevils

attack the webs in the leaves, and make nests to

themselves, while others eat as they go and provide

no shelter. That class which has a web should be

pulled down as we do caterpillars; but the reddish

worm that lies uncovered on the limbs and eats the

leaves clean as it goes, are readily mastered by rapping the limb gently with a pole. They fall to the

ground, and we do not find that they return to the

tree. They probably perish for want of proper sus-

tenance.

Of the Improvement of Soils without Manures.

Soils may be improved in several ways without manures, and their produce of useful vegetables much increased; the principal ones are, pulverization, an alteration of their constituent parts, draining, or watering, and by consolidation.

Pulverization.—It is well known that plants will

not grow in a soil which is too hard and compact

to admit of the free admission of air, water, and

heat, and for the extension of the roots of plants.

An abundance of roots is essential to the vitality

of most plants, and pulverization promotes the

formation of roots and fibres. Hence the utility

of stirring the soil after the plant has begun to

grow, to increase the formation of roots and fibres,

absorb moisture from the atmosphere, by rendering

it something like a piece of sponge. Hence the

utility of hoeing plants when the ground is dry, be-

cause it increases the absorbent powers of the soil.

Therefore, the old custom of hoeing when the ground

is moist, is not founded on truth. A soil is much

more heated by the air, when laid light than when

compact; because the earths of a soil are bad con-

ductors of heat, and could not be readily heated by

contact only, and therefore require the free in-

gress of warm air, to produce a general warmth.

Pulverization also increases the power of the soil to

absorb moisture from the atmosphere, by rendering

it something like a piece of sponge. Hence the

utility of hoeing plants when the ground is dry, be-

cause it increases the absorbent powers of the soil.

Manure, from the decay of plants, is a valuable

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"Yes, he's run for it," replied the other, "and we are after him. The grand jury's indicted him, and the sheriff's got a warrant, and all Monson and Guilford is out a hunting for him. Last night, jest as they were going to take him, he run into the woods this way. Haven't you seen nothin' of him?"

Johnson sat with his mouth wide open, and listened with such an inquiring look, that any one who would have sworn it was all news to him. At last he exclaimed with the earnestness inspired by a new thought:

"Well, there! I'll bet that was what my dog was barking at an hour or so ago! I heard him barking as fierce as a tiger, about half a mile down the river. I was busy, mending my trowsers, or I should have gone down to see what he'd got track of."

The company unanimously agreed that it must have been Kingston the dog was after; and in the hope of getting upon the track, they hurried off in the direction indicated. The fugitive now breathed freely again; but while his pursuers were talking with his host, his respiration had hardly been sufficient to sustain life. He did not venture to leave his retreat for two days; for, during that day and most of the next, the woods were scoured from one end of the township to the other, and several parties were successively despatched into the woods by the alacrity of its occupant. After two days, the pursuers principally left the woods, and contented themselves with posting sentinels, at short intervals, on the roads that surrounded the forest, and in the neighboring towns, hoping to arrest their victim, when hunger should drive him forth to some of the settlements. Kingston felt that it was unsafe for him to remain longer under the protection of Johnson, and he knew it would be exceedingly difficult to make his escape through any of the settlements of Maine. Upon due reflection, he concluded that the only chance left for him, was to endeavor to make his way to Canada. He was now a dozen or fifteen miles from the foot of Moosehead Lake. There was a foot-path to Eliotville where there were a few inhabitants. Through this settlement he thought he might venture to pass in the night—and he could then go nine miles direct, through the woods, to the foot of the lake. Once across or around the foot of the lake, he believed he could make his way into the Canada road, and escape with safety. Having matured his plan, he communicated it to Johnson, who aided it in the best manner he could by providing him with a pack of potatoes and fried bear meat, accompanied with an extra Indian "johnny cake," a jackknife, and a flint and tinder for striking fire.

It was late in the night when all things were prepared for the journey, and Kingston bade adieu to his host. He had nearly a mile to go through the woods before reaching the path that led through the township to Eliotville; and when he passed through the Eliotville settlement, the day began to dawn. A stirring young man, who was out at that early hour, saw him cross the road at a distance, and go into the woods. Satisfied at once who he was, he hastened to rouse his neighbors, and then started towards Monson village, with all the speed his legs could give him. When he reached Monson, and communicated his intelligence, the whole village was roused like an encamped army at the battle call; and in twenty minutes every horse in the village was mounted and the riders were spurring with all speed toward the lake, and Deacon Stone among the foremost. As they came in sight of the Moosehead, the sun, which was about an hour high, was pouring a flood of warm rays across the calm, still waters, and some half a mile from the land they beheld a tall, slim man, alone in a canoe, paddling towards the opposite shore. For a moment the party stood speechless, and then vented was given to such oaths and exclamations as had made familiar. Something was even swelling in Deacon Stone's throat, well nigh as sinful as had uttered on a former occasion, but he coughed and checked it, before it found utterance. They looked eagerly around, and ran on every side, to see if another boat, or any other means of crossing the lake, could be found—but all in vain. His pursuers were completely baffled—and they turned about and quietly rode back to Monson; Deacon Stone consoling himself on the way, by occasionally remarking: "Well, if the heathen is driven out of the land, thanks to a kind Providence, he hasn't carried the land with him!"

A New England Sabbath.

A correspondent of the Rochester Democrat, writing from Springfield, (Mass.) says:

"A New England Sabbath is something which can only be seen in New England. It is not an article of exportation. There is a quiet, settled calm about it—a stillness which can almost be felt—united to any other atmosphere. I arose yesterday morning oppressed by the solemn serenity which seemed to pervade every object around me. In this busy town, at eight o'clock, not a sound could be heard. Silence pervaded its streets, and I could scarcely make myself believe that I was in the midst of a population of ten or twelve thousand souls. The green fields—the mountains—the forest—stretching out, in every direction, far as the eye could reach—seemed praising God, in their calm beauty, and the huge elm of an hundred years, lifted up their long arms towards heaven, and looked devout as the ancient patriarchs. The very buildings—many of them associated with stirring events in the past—became sanctified monitors, as they said to the contemplative mind, 'This is the land of the Pilgrims—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Whoever remembers his first Sabbath in a New England town, will be able to understand what I have written, for he must have felt what I have attempted to describe."

There is no ingress nor egress here on the Sabbath. All public conveyances lay by. Formerly a car passed over the road to Boston and back with the mail. This has been discontinued.

In these Yankee villages, one is always delighted with their magnificent shade trees. They constitute the principal beauty of almost every place you visit—of this place preeminently. Nearly every street here is shaded by magnificent elm, sycamore or maple trees."

COLD COMPLIMENT.—We find the following toast among those drunk on the Fourth:

"By Michael Mease. The ladies of Pine Grove. Fair as a moonbeam on a snow bank."

A Mr. Long, of Iowa, has married a Miss Farewell. They'll soon get the hang of "short farewells."

Nobility of Mechanics.

Toil on! sun-burnt mechanics. God has placed thee in the lot, perchance, to guide the flying car that whisks us on from scene to scene, or friend to friend; calm down the warring waves of ocean, tempest-tossed, or chain the artillery of heaven.

Toil on! Jehovah was a workman too—"in the beginning God created the heaven and earth," and from confused chaos sprang this perfect world, the perfect workmanship of the eternal uncreated power.

Up rose the mighty firmament, and back the sultry surges swept, submissive, tamed, each to their several bounds. And there he set great lights: the glorious sun to bless the day; the timid moon to wear at night the milder lustre of the radiant orb. He painted Heaven with mingling blue and white, and in the vaulted arch a modest star peeped out, seeming, by the majesty of the sun and moon, like a stray lily breathing out its love of meek and blushing loveliness in the gay tints of opening bud and rich voluptuous blossom.

Wondering, there dwaded another and a third, till clustering to the spacious canopy, they read in the calm waters of the sea the story of their loneliness. From thence assured, they fear not sun nor moon, but faithfully distill their pensive light. Old ocean tossed her crescent spray, and from her hidden depths creatures of life came up, and flew about the earth; winged fowls and birds, and flying fish, and the great whale, dark emperor of the sea.

And God created man! Six days he labored, and the seventh he reposed; while from the sea, the earth, the air, and all that in them, is, went up a chorus of exulting praise to God, the first, the eternal architect.

Toil on! Drink from the dews that heaven distills; fragrant flowers, the bursting buds, the blessed air, are unto wealth to the hard-browed and bronzed mechanic. Rich coffers bring a snare, cankers, and heart corrosion. God's wealth is yours, a wealth to which decaying gold is vanity and dross.

Toil on! Proud peer and prince; pendant, sage, statesman, and priest, now claim the tribute of a tomb, which fauln would drive away the greedy worms; and splendid eloquence and mocking tears are shed above the dust which lies as common as the pebbles here. The grave is the blest leveler.—

Blessed grave! Grave of the tanned mechanist! A spirit speaks from thence, and willing ears may learn some task, which monuments of gold have not a power to teach.

Proud man—learned man—go

up above his tomb, and weep to think when old Time shall tire, the sun go out with weariness; old

lun's sullen surge shall sweep away your greatness and your chivalry; above "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," the handiwork of God's own nobleman shall live immutable as time, while time his empire holds, eternal as eternity!—[Miss M. E. Wentworth.

NECESSITY OF DIVERSIFIED MENTAL OCCUPATIONS.—Mental labours, judiciously varied, will, in general, be much better supported than such as are more uniform or concentrated in their character. As the same physical effort soon tires and exhausts the muscles concerned in it, so likewise will the same mental exertion produce a corresponding effect on the faculties which it particularly engages. Hence the manifest relief we experience in changing our intellectual occupations, just, indeed, as we do in shifting our postures, or our exercises. Close and undivided attention to any object of real or fancied moment, is apt, sooner or later, to be followed by pains and dizziness of the head, general lassitude and prostration of strength, diminished appetite, impaired digestion, emaciation, a contracted, sallow, care-worn countenance, and a whitening and falling out of the hairs. Or the mind, too ardently devoted to a particular theme, too long and intensely engrossed by some solitary and absorbing subject, may at length, as Doctor Johnson has so well illustrated in the instance of his astronomer, become absolutely insane in relation to it. Hence extravagant enthusiasm comes hard upon the confines of, and sometimes actually passes into, insanity. And we need not wonder from the present time to meet with zealots scarcely to be distinguished from monomaniacs, and to whom the discipline of a mad-house would not be unusual. The improvement in the countenance and general aspect of the body, and in the healthful vigor of all the functions, consequent to a relaxation from concentrated mental application, there are few but must have experienced in themselves, or observed in others.—[Mental Hygiene.

PEAK IT BOLDLY.—We do admire the truly bold man—not the impudently bold man. If you have truth to utter which should have utterance, speak it boldly. We had rather by half see a person thus speak the truth, though by doing so he may get "knocked into a cocked hat" the next moment, than to see him blush, and tremble, and shake, and run round a ten acre lot, before he can squeeze out what he knows to be truth and feels his duty to proclaim. Truth, fitly and boldly spoken, will put to flight an army of untruths and calumnies; and it is said that it will "shame the Devil," alias the "father of liars." Truth, too, spoken boldly and yet in a friendly manner, has checked the downward and ruinous course of many a young and thoughtless person, and been the cause of his happy restoration to the paths of uprightness and happiness and honor. Truth spoken faintly and tremblingly, falls upon the ear like a "milk-and-water" assertion, and has no more effect upon the listener, than the report of a green-elder pop-gun would have upon the patriotism of a patriot on the glorious Fourth of July. Away with this foolish, weak-tea manner of telling the truth! Be not of the number who thus deliver themselves, but rather

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 18, 1845.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in Kennebec County, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work. of all kinds, as neatly executed, and at a fair rates, at the Farmer Office, as at any other establishment this side of the "City of Nations." Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

Wanted. at this office, a young man from sixteen to seventeen years of age, to learn the printing business. One who can come well recommended for industrious habits, good abilities, and correct moral principles, will meet with encouragement.

HIP, HUZZA! here we are, in the Ed's chair, precisely where of all places in creation, we're least fitted for the station. But the Doctor has gone and left us in the mire, therefore some luckless wight must keep up the fire, or our readers will certainly say, "Surely the d—l must be to pay!"—Oh, horror! upon our shoulders the duty's made fast; the thought of which, gives us a twitch, that leads us to exclaim, with all our "might and main," "To what base uses do we come at last!" But hup! hup! huzz! many a "star," would have set at his rising, if he'd knocked off trying, on the first round of the ladder of fame, to reach the top one, and there fix his name. So now as we're for it, we'll not back out a whit; but 'll cook up a dish, a sort of hash'd fish, which if you choose, you can eat or refuse; remembering, 'tis the off'ring, of a much abused wight, who means to do right, and who's always on hand, at his own proper stand—easily and civil—Respectfully, "The Devil."

The Down East Fat Oxen. We learn that Mr. Underwood has disposed of his fat oxen, (see notice of them on the out side of this paper,) and that they will soon be taken by the purchaser, Mr. Clark, to the Boston Market. We also understand that they will be in this village to-day (Wednesday) or to-morrow, and will be exhibited to those who are curious in such matters. Mr. C. charges a small sum for the privilege of viewing them, his object being to collect money enough in this way to partly pay their keeping, as they wend their way towards their destination. They are truly worth looking at. We learn that Mr. Clark paid the snug little sum of five hundred and fifty dollars for the four. We opine that they will cause a "great commotion" among the ox admirers and beef-buyers in the "City of Nations."

Speak it Boldly. We do admire the truly bold man—not the impudently bold man. If you have truth to utter which should have utterance, speak it boldly. We had rather by half see a person thus speak the truth, though by doing so he may get "knocked into a cocked hat" the next moment, than to see him blush, and tremble, and shake, and run round a ten acre lot, before he can squeeze out what he knows to be truth and feels his duty to proclaim. Truth, fitly and boldly spoken, will put to flight an army of untruths and calumnies; and it is said that it will "shame the Devil," alias the "father of liars." Truth, too, spoken boldly and yet in a friendly manner, has checked the downward and ruinous course of many a young and thoughtless person, and been the cause of his happy restoration to the paths of uprightness and happiness and honor. Truth spoken faintly and tremblingly, falls upon the ear like a "milk-and-water" assertion, and has no more effect upon the listener, than the report of a green-elder pop-gun would have upon the patriotism of a patriot on the glorious Fourth of July. Away with this foolish, weak-tea manner of telling the truth! Be not of the number who thus deliver themselves, but rather

Served him Right. A few days since, in the city of New York, two men were instantly killed by the falling of a building which was in process of demolition. They were taken into Tammany Hall. During the afternoon, while the Hall was surrounded by the numerous relatives and friends of the deceased persons, one of those brainless, heartless perfumed fops which infest cities, stepped up and asked, "what is the matter?" Being informed of what had happened, he exclaimed, affectedly, "Ah! it's only a laborer!" Mike Walsh, who was standing near by, raised his foot and sent the fellow among the rubbish. Some have condemned Mike for so doing, but we approve the deed, all things considered. Mike says he only regrets that he did not administer a few more kicks to the heartless vagabond while down. We like to see these windy, mushroom, heartless, self-sufficient, aristocratic gentlemen, dealt with as they deserve—even, if necessary, in the manner the above named one was handled.

Local Conundrums.—"Hallo, Pete, I's got a columberus wat I wants to ax ye. Why am de readers ob de Augusta Age like many ob our culured breddren ob de South?"

"Bekase—bekase—yes—no. Cuff, I givs 'im up."

"Wat am an ignorwunt inderwidual you is. I'll tell ye why. Bekase day am dependent on Rice for sustenance. Yah, yah, yah!"

"Now, Cuff, I wants ye to propel on a columelun wat I givs to giv ye. Why am Virtue in de company ob Vice like de Kennebec Journal? Does ye givs 'im up?"

"No—bekase—no—y-e-s, I givs 'im up."

"Yah, yah, yah! Got ye on de hip. Wal, I'll tell ye why Virtue in de company ob Vice like de Kennebec Journal. Bekase upon its *Sermons* depends its life."

"Gosh, Pete, you's been into de rudements ob de diehshunary all ober. But here's for ye agin—Why am dit pieter like de editorial master ob de Boston Globe? Dat's wat I ax ye."

"O, I givs 'im up tree weeks ago."

"Bekase, you silly nigger, it's *Drew* on paper."

"Now, Cuff, I wants to ax ye one more columelun, an den I's off."

"Succid wid."

"Why am 'd editorial sanctum ob de Maine Farmer like a sartain place on de coast whar you sail?"

"Does you go de Root I can't can dat."

"I Does."

"Wal, I's got ye dis time. It's bekase it's *Holmes' Hole*. Yah, yah, yah!"

"You is a worry knowin' individual nigger, dat's a fact. Take hold, Cuff; you deserves de beer for you highdifiers mental disiplinashun."

FRIEND TABER'S STOCK.—We will call the attention of our readers to Friend Taber's advertisement, in to-day's paper. Those who wish to purchase good stock, have here a favorable opportunity—one which they should not let pass by unimproved. The readers of the Farmer are already acquainted with "Don Hardy," a portrait and biography of whose highness have heretofore graced our columns. His offspring bear a strong resemblance to him, and are consequently of a character highly fitted to acquire themselves honorably in the highest circles of all *Sheepdom*. We have no doubt Mr. T. will find plenty of purchasers.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last, an Irishman by the name of Smith, who had been in this country but a few weeks, fell from the fourth story staging of the new factory building in Hallowell, receiving a fatal injury, which resulted in his death on Monday. His body was taken to Whitefield and buried in the Catholic cemetery.

YOUNG MEN BEWARE. Mr. Potter, of Yale College, in a temperance address lately at New Haven, says:

"My heart bleeds as I remember the fate of three of my early companions who started in life with myself. One of them possessed the finest mathematical mind I ever knew. He would take the Ledger and go up with three columns at a time with perfect ease. He was the first man in America that beat the Autonotan Chess Player, and he told me that he had every move in his head before he entered the room. That man fills a drunkard's grave. Another, who was an excellent accountant, and could command almost any salary, met the same melancholy fate.—Another, possessing the same brilliant capacities, has gone down—not to the grave, perhaps, but has sunk clear out of sight amid the mire and the filth of intemperance."

GOOD ADVICE TO MARRIED LADIES. Frederick Bremer gives some excellent advice to married ladies. Here is a short piece, worth a dollar at least. "Consider, my daughters, what the word wife expresses. The married woman is her husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to confide house and family; be able to entrust to her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honor and his home are under her keeping, his well being is in her hands. Think of this."

A BIG ONE. The editor of the Concord (Mass.) Freeman says, that he recently saw a cucumber, raised in the garden of a neighbor, which weighed seven pounds, and measured over eighteen inches in length. We think that has not been beat since Adam quit gardening.

THE SHOE AND LEATHER BUSINESS.—This branch of business, so important in our country, is in rather a depressed condition at present. The price of leather has been low, for some time past, and has declined about 10 per cent. in the last six weeks. The shoe manufacturer we understand has also glutted the market. We have heard of consignments from this quarter, which, after lying for some months at New Orleans, have been reshipped to their owners for a market.

The locusts have appeared in large numbers in various portions of Louisiana.

SHAMPOOING. Reader, did you ever indulge in the real luxury of having your "mental cartridge-box" shampooed? If yes, we've nothing more to say; if nay, it's high time you had. The practice of shampooing the head is quite prevalent in our large cities, among those persons who seek out all luxuries and indulge in them to a healthful extent. It is just as necessary and just as pleasant and agreeable that the surface of the head be kept clean, as the surface of the body; yet, comparatively, but very few amongst us clean that part of the head covered with hair, otherwise than by combing and brushing. Now, if you wish to enjoy a bona-fide luxury—one that will make you feel as clean and sprightly as—as as a clean head can make you feel—just drop into Mr. MITCHELL's, on Water street, and let him shampoo your dandruffed, dirty pate. He'll do it up in the twinkling of a mosquito's eye, and in a scientific manner. Mitchell is great at shampooing—cute at shaving—and the way he plays the guitar, violin and flute, for others and his own amusement, has nothing to do with "the subject before the meetin," and is not on the bill of performance.

DEATH OF JUDGE STORY. The Boston Courier of Thursday last, announces the death of Judge Joseph Story, of the U. S. Supreme Court. He died at his residence in Cambridge, on Wednesday evening, and was sixty-five years of age. Disease, stoppage of the intestines, or strangulation. He received his appointment to the Judgeship of the U. S. Court, from President Madison, in 1811. At the time of his death he was also a Professor in Harvard University. The Courier says of him—"He has filled a high office in the judicial service of his country, and a higher station in the public eye, and he has left a space which will not be easily filled." He was a graduate of Harvard University, of the class of 1798.

FREEMAN'S INK. Our friend Charles Freeman, of this village, does make first rate writing fluid.—We have tried it, as the man did the cedar rails, out-and-out, and therefore we are enabled to speak understandingly. Those who wish for a genuine article, and who are in favor of patronizing home-industry, would do well to give Charles a call. [Private.—We get a bottle for that. Don't say anything about it—don't.]

THE DOWN EAST FAT OXEN. We learn that Mr. Underwood has disposed of his fat oxen, (see notice of them on the out side of this paper,) and that

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Great Western.

Four Days Later From Europe.—The steamship Great Western, Capt. Mathews, arrived at New York on Tuesday evening, from Liverpool, in a passage little more than seventeen days. The Great Western sailed on the afternoon of Aug. 23, encountered heavy westerly gales during her passage. She bro't heavy passengers, among whom we notice Hon. Mr. Jenifer, U. S. Minister to Austria, and his attaches; Hon. Mr. Boulware, late U. S. Charge to Naples, supplied by W. H. Polk; Hon. C. Hughes, do., Hague; J. H. Vernon, Member of the British House of Commons from East Retford, and other distinguished individuals.

The news by this arrival is not very exciting, or particularly important. Cotton remained about the same as at the departure of the Caledonia. Immediately after the Caledonia left, the weather was wet and very unfavorable for the crops, threatening a very scanty harvest; but it had become pleasant again on the 22d, inasmuch that it had caused an improvement in the public securities. But the prospect of a good harvest is still unfavorable. The amount of wheat and flour in bond in England on the 1st of July, is shown by official returns just published to be 430,394 quarters; last year at the same time the amount was 804,122.

The Queen remained upon the continent, at Germany, and colonies in the London papers announce her progress. At the latest date, August 18, she was at Mayence, about to depart for Wurtzburg, whence she would proceed to Cobourg.

Several riots have broken out in Germany, in consequence of the religious excitement produced by the preaching of the Reformer Ronge. At Hallassadt, Aug. 9, this preacher closed a harangue with the declaration, "Rome and her supremacy shall and must fall."

A citizen of the place replied, "Rome will not fall so soon as you." This produced an attack upon the individual, and a riot which called for the interference of the curassiers, between whom and the populace an alteration arose, in which several persons were wounded. A still more serious disturbance took place at Leipzig, on the 13th, on the occasion of the review of the Royal Guards; Prince John of Saxony was insulted, and before the crowd could be dispersed the soldiers fired upon them, and 9 citizens were killed, and 20 wounded.

Parliament, during its recent session, has sanctioned the building of 2900 miles of new railroad in England and Scotland, and 560 in Ireland; the capital authorized to be raised for the purpose is £35,480,000.

The Overland Mail arrived on the 21st, the commercial accounts by which possess no striking feature, and may, upon the whole, be considered favorable. Exchange was brisk, and freights for England had improved. From China there is nothing new.

Great Storm and Destruction of Cincinnati.—A lamentable state of injury was done by a tremendous fall of rain at Cincinnati. The greater portion of the city was ruined. All that part of the city called Texas, was completely inundated, and in some places to the depth of six, seven, and ten feet! An immense amount of damage was done in cellars, as they filled in many instances, in five minutes; so sudden was the storm. Some of Judge McLean's tenants lay their damages by the storm at \$90,000, and are about instituting suits against the city for that amount—alleging that the city in making passages for water, left them exposed.

Execution of Green.—This wretched young man, convicted of murder the most revolting and unnatural, paid the forfeit of his crime on Wednesday. He was hung in the city of Troy, at ten minutes past 4 in the afternoon, in the usual manner, in the prison.

It is stated that recently the air of swagger and apparent indifference has been exchanged for apparent repentance, and he is said to have been much engaged in prayer with the clergyman in attendance. It is also confidently stated that to these he had made a confession; though to Wyat, brother of the murdered wife, whom he sent for and whose forgiveness he craved and obtained, he refused, although strongly urged, to make any confession or "existing difficulties."

We have not a word by this arrival as to the action of Congress upon the propositions submitted to it on the 21st of July, in regard to the fifteen million loan. It is conjectured by some that the dilatoriness of Congress to accede to all the war demands of the Administration, led to the resignation of the Ministers.

It is stated by Capt. Gomez that it was reported at Tampico that 1500 men from the interior were on the march to join Paredes. With his forces, which would then amount to 3500 men, according to this rumor, Paredes was to move upon Texas, striking the Rio Grande as high up as the Bexar country. Gen. Arista, with his 3000 men, was to proceed boldly and directly to attack Gen. Taylor in his encampment at Corpus Christi.

The reiterated demands of Mexico upon Yucatan for troops, have received one uniform response—that if Mexico chose to engage in war with the United States, she must bear the brunt of it; Yucatan as a Department would not contribute any quota of troops; but if any set of her citizens chose to volunteer their services at liberty to do so.

It is said, moreover, that Arista has employed emissaries to Texas to tamper with the slaves, and that he hopes to render them effective in the promotion of his plans. How confident he is of success, the reader may judge from an address to his troops, which appeared in the Diario of the 12th ult., together with an appeal to the inhabitants of Coahuila, Nuevo, Leon, and Tamaulipas. The latter document was intended merely to stir up the inhabitants to arms; but the address to his troops is a more formidable affair, and we copy it as we find it translated in the Courier:

"Comrades: The Supreme Executive has sent to me by express the news that the United States, in pursuance of their ambitious views, having taken possession of the Department of Texas, he had demanded a declaration of war from the Congress against that unjust nation.

The time to fight has come. We must prepare with the ardor inspired by duty and patriotism, when an attack is made upon the soil, the honor and pride of the nation.

Comrades, that those presumptuous Americans will be greatly disconcerted, when they find that our soldiers are not so contemptible as they thought, and that they cannot conquer them.

I address you under the influence of a lively enthusiasm. All fanciful doubt is vanished; the question is decided; and we are about to commence the most righteous war that was ever waged. Laurels await us! To arms! It is the only means of avenging our honor, insulted by a nation that boasts of its liberality and civilization.

Arms are the only arguments to use against banditti and men without good faith. Let us hope that justice which is invoked by all society and the decision of the civilized world.

Our lot will be envied by the rest of the army—we are the nearest the theatre of war—we are the first to avenge the outrages on our country, and to ravish from the usurpers the object of their rapine.

Large bodies of troops are on their march—they will soon be here to share our dangers and repulse the enemy.

The leaders of the North have given proofs of their valor and constancy—they are accustomed to conquer this presumptuous race. I know your worth, and how dearly you love to serve your country. It is for this that I am pleased to command you and lead you to combat, in which your comrade and best friend will be proud to follow your example.

MARIANO ARISTA."

Important from Buenos Ayres.—A slip from the Spanish Gazette Office says—by a letter from Rio, received in this city, with the purview of which we have been favored, we have intelligence from Buenos Ayres, to the 25th of July. The English and French Ministers had left, Rosas having refused all their propositions. The Buenos Ayran squadron had been captured by the English and French, and Orbe had been warned to retire from before Mariana.

Mexican Duties.—A French gentleman arriving at Vera Cruz, a few days since, from New Orleans, and the brig of war Porpoise, sailed from Pensacola on the morning of the 27th ult., on a cruise down the Gulf. Their precise destination is not known, as they sailed with sealed orders.

C. M. Clay is fast recovering. The paper that he conducted is sending back their money to the subscribers, which is a sure indication that no immediate attempts to go on with it are to be made.

Disastrous Fire in Philadelphia.

A fire broke out at an early hour on Sunday morning last, in a stable in the rear of Arch and Broad streets, and as the wind blew fresh at the time, the flames soon communicated to the extensive commission store of Sister, Jones & Co., which was entirely consumed with most of its contents; it then extended to the premises of Steele & Co., known as the Pennsylvania and Ohio Transportation Company's Depot, filled with flour, cotton, grain, wool, &c., which was also burned down; but a small part of the contents saved. It then crossed Cherry street and communicated to a large store-house occupied by Messrs. Craig, Bellas & Co., of the "Portable Boat Line," in which was a large quantity of wool, cotton, grain, &c. The building was destroyed, but most of the stock saved. Several other buildings and 6 cars, were also burned down; but a small part of the contents saved. It then crossed Cherry street and communicated to a large store-house occupied by Messrs. 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The Muse.

Old Story Books.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Old story books! old story books! we owe you much, old friends,
Bright-colored threads in Memory's warp, of which Death holds the ends,
Who can forget ye! who can spurn the minister's joy
That waited on the loping girl and petticoated boy?
I know what ye could win my heart when every bribe or threat,
Failed to allay my stamping rage or break myullen pet.
A "promised story" was enough; I turned, with eager smile,
To learn about the mighty "pig that would not mount the stile."

There was a spot in days of yore, wherein I used to stand;
With mighty question in my head and paucy in my hand;
When buttery sweets and crinkled cakes made up a goodly show,

And "story books," upon a string, appeared in brilliant row.
What should I have? The pepperpot was incease in my nose;

But I had heard of "hero Jack," who slew his giant foes;
My lonely cot was balanced long before the tempting stall,
"Twixt books and bull's eye, but, forsight! "Jack" got it after all.

Take of your "eulium," "gold-embossed," "morooco," "roan," and "cali,"
The blue and yellow wraps of old were prettier by half;

And as to us, we well knew that never to one made
Like "Bluebird" swings about his wife-destr

"Hume's England!"—pshaw! what history of battles,

states, and men,

Can vis with Memoirs "all about sweet little Jenny Wren?"

And what are all the wonders that e'er struck a nation dumb,

To those recorded as performed by "Master Thomas Thumb?"

"Miss Riding Hood," poor luckless child, my heart grew big with dread.

When the grim "wolf," in grandmamma's best bonnet, showed his head;

I shuddered when, in innocence, she meekly peeped beneath,

And made remarks about "great eyes," and wondered at "green teeth";

And vis the "House that Jack built," and the "Beastlike Jack cut down,"

And "Jack's eleven brothers," on their travels of renown;

And "Jack," whose cracked and plastered head insured him lyre fame—

These, these, methinks, make "vulgar Jack" a rather classic name.

Fair "Valentine," I loved him well; but better still the bear

That hugged his brother in her arms with tenderness and care,

I lingered spell bound o'er the page, though eventide wore late,

And left my supper all untouched to fathom "Orson's" fate.

The "Robin with his merry men," a noble band were they,

We'll never see the like again, go hunting where we may;

In Lincoln garb, with bow and barb, rapt fancy bore me on

Through Sherwood's dewy forest paths, close after "Little John."

"Miss Cinderella" and her "shoe," kept long their reign-

ing powers,

Till harder words and longer themes beguiled my flying spirit;

And "Simead," wondrous sailor he, allured me on his track,

And set me shouting when he flung the old man from his back;

And O! that tale—the matchless tale, that made my dream at night,

Of "Crusoe's" shaggy robe of fur, and "Friday's" death spured flight:

Nay, still I read it, and again, in sleeping visions see.

The savage dances on the sand—the raft upon the sea.

Old story books! old story books! I doubt if "Reason's feast"

Provides a dish that pleases more than "Beauty and the Beast."

I doubt if all the Ledger leaves that bear a sterling sum,

Yield happiness like those that told of "Master Horner's past."

Old storybooks! old story books! I never pass you by

Without a sort of furtive glance—right loving, though 'tis sly;

And fair suspicion may arise that yet my spirit grieves,

For dear "Old Mother Hubbard's Dog" and "Ali Baba's Thieves."

The Story Teller.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE TRESPASSER IN MAINE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY SEBA SMITH.

In the Autumn of 1836, while traveling through a part of the interior of the State of Maine, I stopped at a small new village between the Kennebec and the Penobscot rivers, nearly a hundred miles from the seaboard, for the purpose of giving my horse a little rest and provender, before proceeding some ten miles further that evening. It was just after sunset; I was walking on the piazza in front of the neat new tavern, admiring the wildness of the surrounding country, and watching the gathering shadows of the grey twilight, as it fell upon the valleys, and crept softly up the hills, when light one horse wagon, with a single gentleman, drove rapidly into the yard, and stopped at the stable door.

"Tom," said the gentleman to the hostler, as he jumped from his wagon, "take my mare out, rub her down well, and give her four quarts of oats. Be spry now, Tom; you needn't give her any water, for she sweats like fury. I'll give her a little when I am ready to start."

Tom sprang, with uncommon alacrity, to obey the orders he had received, and the stranger walked towards the house. He was a tall, middle aged gentleman, rather slim, but well proportioned and well dressed. It was the season of the year when the weather began to grow chilly, and the evenings cold; and the frock coat of the stranger, trimmed with fur, and buttoned to the throat, whilst it insured comfort, served also to exhibit his fine elastic form to the best advantage. His little wagon, too, had a marked air of comfort about it; there was the spring seat, the stuffed cushions, and the buffalo robes—all seemed to indicate a gentleman of ease and leisure; while on the other hand, his rapid movements and prompt manner betokened the man of business.

As he stepped out on the piazza, with his long and handsome driving whip in his hand, the tavern keeper, who was a brisk young man, and well understood his business, met him with a hearty shake of the hand, and a familiar "how are you, Colonel? Come, walk in."

There was something about the stranger that strongly attracted my attention, and I followed him into the bar-room. He stepped up to the bar, laid his whip on the counter, and called for a glass of brandy and water, some small crackers and cheese.

"But not going to stop to supper, Colonel?" "Going further to-night?" inquired the landlord, as he pushed forward the brandy bottle.

"Can't stop more than ten minutes," replied the stranger, "just long enough to let the mare eat her oats."

"Is that the same mare," asked the host,

"that you had when you were here last?"

"Yes," answered the Colonel, "I've drove

my thirty miles since dinner, and I am going forty miles farther before I sleep to-night."

"But you'll kill that mare, Colonel, as sure as rates," said the landlord, "she's too likely a beast to drive to death."

"No, no," was the reply, "she's tough as a pitch knot; I feed her well; she'll stand it I guess. I go to Norridgewock before I sleep to-night."

With a few more brief remarks, the stranger finished his brandy, and crackers, and cheese; he threw down some change on the counter, ordered his carriage to the door, and bidding the landlord good night, jumped into his wagon, cracked his whip, and was off like a bird. After he was gone, I ventured to exercise the Yankee privilege of asking "who he might be."

"That's Colonel Kingston," said the landlord, "a queer sort of a chap he is; too; a real go-ahead sort of a fellow as ever I met with; does more business in one day than some folks would do in a year. He's a right good customer; always full of money, and pays well."

"What business or profession does he follow?" I asked.

"Why, not any particular kind of business," replied the landlord, "he kind o' speculates round, and such like."

"But," said I, "I thought that the speculation in timber lands was all over: I did not know that a single person could be found now, to purchase lands."

"Oh, it isn't exactly that kind o' speculation," said the landlord, "he's got a knack of buying out folks' farms—land, house, barn, live stock, hay and provisions, all in a lump."

"Where does he live?" I said.

"Oh, he's lived round in a number of places since he's been in these parts. He's been round in these parts only a year or two, and it's astonishing to see how much property he's accumulated. He stays in Monson the most of the time. That's where he came from this afternoon. They say he's got a number of excellent farms in Monson, and I'll warrant he's got some deeds of some of them with him now, that he's going to carry to Norridgewock to-night, to put on record."

I bade the landlord good night, and proceeded on my journey. What I had seen and heard of Colonel Kingston made an unwonted impression on my mind; and as Monson lay in my way, and I was expecting to stop there a few days, my curiosity was naturally a little excited to learn something more of his history. The next day I reached Monson; and as I rode over its many hills, and over its ridges of arable land, I was struck with the number of fine farms which I passed, and the evidence of thrift and good husbandry that surrounded me. As this town was at that time almost on the extreme verge of the settlements in that part of the State, I was surprised to find it so well settled and under such good cultivation. My surprise was increased, on arriving at the centre of the town, to find a flourishing and bright looking village, with two or three stores, a variety of mechanics' shops, a school-house, and a neat little church, painted white, with green blinds, surmounted by a bell. A little to the westward of the village was one of those clear and beautiful ponds, that greet the eye of the traveler, in almost every hour's ride through that section of the country; and on its outlet, which runs through the village, stood a mill, and some small manufacturing establishments, that served to fill up the picture.

"Happy town," thought I, "that has such a village for its centre of attraction; and happy village, that is supported by surrounding farmers of such thrift and industry as those of Monson!" All this I found, too, within a dozen or fifteen miles of Moosehead Lake, the noblest and most extensive sheet of water in New England, which I had hitherto considered so far embosomed in the deep, trackless forest, as to be almost unapproachable, save by the wild Indian or the daring hunter.

A new light seemed to burst upon me, and it was a pleasant thought that led me to look forward a few years, when the rugged and wild shores of the great Moosehead should resound with the song and hum of the husbandman, and on every side rich farms and lively villages should be reflected on its bosom.

I had been quietly seated in the village inn, but a short time, in a room that served both for bar and sitting-room, when a small man, with a flapped hat, an old brown wrapper, a leather strap buckled round his waist, and holding a goad-stick in his hand, entered the room, and took a seat on the bench in the corner. His bright, restless eye glanced round the room, and then seemed bent thoughtfully toward the fire, while in the arch expression of his countenance I thought I beheld the prelude to some important piece of information that was struggling for utterance. At last he said, addressing the landlord, "I guess the Colonel ain't to home to-day, is he?"

"No," replied Boniface, "he's been gone since yesterday morning! he said he was going up into your neighborhood. Havn't you seen anything of him?"

"Yes," said the little man with the goad-stick, "I see him, yesterday afternoon, about two o'clock, starting off like a streak, to go to Norridgewock!"

"Going to Norridgewock?" said the landlord, "what for? He didn't say anything about going when he went away."

"More deeds, I guess," said the little teamster. "He's worried Deacon Stone out of his farm at last."

"He hasn't got Deacon Stone's farm, has he?" exclaimed the landlord.

"Deacon Stone's farm!" reiterated an elderly sober looking man, drawing a long pipe from his mouth, that he had until now been quietly smoking in an opposite corner.

"Deacon Stone's farm!" uttered the landlady, with upraised hands, as she entered the room just in season to hear the announcement.

"Deacon Stone's farm!" exclaimed three or four others in different parts of the room, all turning an eager gaze towards the little man of the goad-stick.

As soon as there was a sufficient pause in their exclamations, to allow the teamster to put in another word, he repeated:

"Yes, he worried the Deacon out at last, and got hold of his farm as slick as a whistle. He's been kind o' edging round the Deacon these three weeks, a little at a time; just to see how to get the right side of him, for the Deacon was a good deal offish at first; and yesterday morning the Colonel was up there by the time the Deacon had done breakfast, and he got him into the fore room, and shut the door; and there they staid till dinner was ready, and had waited for them an hour, before they would come out. And when they did come out, the job was all done; the deed was signed and delivered. I'd been in there about eleven o'clock, and the Deacon's wife and the galls were in terrible fidgets, for what was going on in the other room. They started to go in two or three times, but

the door was fastened, so they had to keep out. After dinner, I went over again, and got there just before they were out of the fore room. The Deacon asked the Colonel to stop to dinner, but I guess the Deacon see so many sour looks about the house, that he was afraid of a storm a brewing; so he only ketched up a piece of bread and cheese, and said he must be a goin'. He jumped into his wagon, and give his mare cut, and was out of sight in two minutes."

"How did poor Mrs. Stone feel?" asked the landlady. "I should thought she would 'died."

"She looked as if she'd turn milk sour quicker than a thunder shower," said the teamster, and Jane went into the bed-room and cried as if her heart would break. I believe they didn't any of 'em make out to eat any dinner, and I thought the Deacon felt as bad as bad as any of 'em, after all; for I never see him look so kind o' riled in all my life. 'Now Mrs. Stone,' said he to his wife, 'you think I've done wrong, but after talking along with Colonel Kingston, I made up my mind it would be for the best.' She didn't make him any answer, but began to cry, and went out of the room. The Deacon looked as if he was sink into the earth. He stood a minute as if he wasn't looking at nothing, and then took down his pipe off the mantel, and set down in the corner and went to smoking as hard as he could smoke."

"After a while, he turned round to me, and says he, 'I don't know but I've done wrong.' Well," says I, "in my opinion that depends upon what sort of a bargain you have made. If you've got a good bargain out of the Colonel, I don't see why his money ain't as good as any body's, or why another farm just as good as your isn't worth as much.' 'Yes,' said the Deacon, 'it seems to me. I got a good bargain, I know it's more than the farm is worth. I never considered it worth more than two thousand dollars, stock, hay and all; and he takes the whole just as 'tis, and pays down three thousand dollars.' 'Is it pay down?' says I. 'Yes,' says he, 'it is all pay down. He gives me three hundred dollars in cash; I have got it in my pocket; and then he gives me an order on Saunders' store, for two hundred dollars; that's as good as money you know, for we're always wanting one thing or another out of his store. Then he gives me a deed of five hundred acres of land, in the upper part of Vermont, at five dollars an acre. That makes up three thousand dollars. But that isn't all. He says this land is richly worth seven dollars an acre; well timbered, and a good chance to get the timber down; and he showed me the certificates of several respectable men that had been all over it, and they said it was well worth seven dollars."

"That gives me two dollars clear profit on an acre, which on five hundred acres makes a thousand dollars. So that instead of only three thousand, I suppose that I have really got four thousand dollars for the farm. But then it seems to work up the feelings of the women folks so to think of leaving it, after we've got it so well under way, that I don't know but I've done wrong.' And his feelings come over him so, he began to smoke away again, as hard as he could draw. I didn't know what to say to him, for I didn't believe he would get five hundred dollars for his five hundred acres of land. So I got up and went home."

As my little goad-stick teamster made a pause here, the elderly man in the opposite corner, who had sat all this time knocking his pipe bowl against the thumb nail of his left hand, took up the thread of the discourse.

"I am afraid," said he, looking up at the landlord, "I am afraid Deacon Stone has got tricked out of his farm, for a mere song. That Col. Kingston, in my opinion, is a dangerous man, and ought to be looked after."

"Well," said the landlord, "I had no idea he would get hold of Deacon Stone's farm.—That's one of the best farms in town."

"Yes," replied the man with the pipe, "and that makes seven of the best farms in town; that he's got hold of already, and what will be the end of it I don't know; but I think that something ought to be done about it."

"Well," said the landlady, "do pity poor Mrs. Stone from the bottom of my heart; she will never get over it to the longest day she lives."

Here the little man with the goad-stick looked out of the window, and saw his team starting off up the road, and he flew out of the door, screaming "Whoish! whoish! whoish!" and that was the last I saw of him. But my curiosity was now too much excited, with regard to Colonel Kingston's mysterious operations, and my sympathies for the good Deacon Stone and his fellow sufferers were too thoroughly awakened, to allow me to rest without further inquiries.

During the few days I remained in the neighborhood, I learned that the Colonel came from Vermont; that he had visited Monson several times for the last year or two, and for the last few months had made it his home.—During that time he had exercised an influence over some of the honest and sober minded farmers of Monson, that was perfectly unaccountable. He was supposed to be a man of wealth, as he never seemed to lack money for any operation he chose to undertake. He had a bold, dashing air, and rather fascinating manners, and his power over those with whom he conversed had become so conspicuous, that it was regarded as an inevitable consequence in Monson, that if a farmer chanced to get shut up in a room with Colonel Kingston, he was a "gone goose," and sure to come out tolerably well strung of his feathers. He had actually got possession of seven or eight of the best farms in the town, for about one quarter part of their real value.

It may be thought unaccountable that thriving, sensible farmers could, in so many instances, be duped; but there were some extraneous circumstances that helped to produce the result. The wild spirit of speculation, which had raged throughout the country for two or three years, had pervaded almost every mind, and rendered it restless and desirous of change. And then the seasons, for a few years past, had been cold and unfavorable. The farmer had sowed, and had not reaped, and he was discouraged. If he could sell, he would go to a warmer climate. These influences, added to his own powers of adroitness and skill in making "the worse appear the better reason," had enabled Colonel Kingston to inveigle the farmers of Monson out of their hard earned property, and turn them out poor and hopeless, upon the world.

The public